

PLOT or no PLOT.

15. May. 1712

THE Summons were sent, and without more ado,
 Away troops the *Juncto* by two and by two :
 At the Head of this Honest and Politick Clan,
 March'd the Great Duke, with his new Convert *Dan. Earl of Nottingham*.
 When all were arrived, and in deep Council sat,
 His Grace, void of Fear, thus began the Debate :
 This House, my Wife Friends, was fam'd heretofore,
 For Bully and Dun, for Gamester and Whore ;
 But a new Lustre it now shall receive,
 And in your Resolves Eternally live ;
 But soft, to the Business — Know all I have caught
 Our Friend little *Robin* at last in a Plot, *Earl of Oxford.*
 I'll prove that the Villainous Traytor from hence,
 Did Orders to General *Ormond* dispencc,
 To Husband the Treasure and Blood of the Nation.
 If this be but True, 'tis a Plot, and a base One,
 Quoth *Bacon Face* strait — But *Da-mi-Blood* swore,
 This surely had ~~been~~ been a good Plot heretofore,
 When *Simile Garth* had his Sun and his Nile,
 For those who by Plunder had rescu'd our Isle.
 With a Look so demure the Eloquent *Daniel*,
 My new Lords and Masters, permit me, your Spaniel,
 To show by this Rule, and it follows aright,
 That *Bob's* a Black Man, and Lord *Bacon-Face* White.
 Whate'er you Resolve, alor me my Part,
 With Time for to Con it, and get it by Heart ;
 With a Flame I'll repeat that *Naz* shall appear,
 More fit for the Gallows than any one here :
 Too late shall he rue that he manag'd it so,
 As to force me drive Headlong from *High-Church* to *Low*.
 The Mouse then arose, and demanded the Letter,
 In Prose he perus'd it, and turn'd it to Meter,
 And openly then to the Board did rehearse,
 But it prov'd a No Plot, both in Prose and in Verse :
 The Elder *Sigillo* deliver'd his Thought,
 That the Plot had been better, had *Ormond* but tought ;
 And if they cou'd once but bring that about,
 He'd soon undertake to make it all out.
 Your Council is good, and we all thank you for't,
 Quoth gentle Prince *John*, but our Time is too short ;
 A Day or two hence and Peace will be here,
 Then a Fig for your Wisdom in Plots Brother Peer.
 I grant it none yet, bold *Da-mi-Blood* cry'd,
 Yet if *Dan* the Sincere gain few to our Side,
 Tho' here you're for turning this Letter to Grass,
 It may spring a good Plot in a far better Place :
 But *Dan* found his Friends did not care for to follow,
 One here with a Whoop that's gone with a Hollow.
 The Assembly thus broke, like the Blind and the Lame,
 By Couples they went, as by Couples they came,
 And Rage and Despair our Wise *Juncto* Poses,
 And makes them forget to count over Noses.

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